Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. How long haſt thou to ſerue, *Francis?*

Francis. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prince. Fiue yeares; berlady a long leaſe for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

Francis. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in *England*, I could find in my heart.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anone ſir.

Prince. How old art thou *Francis?*

Francis. Let me ſee, about *Michaelmas* next I ſhall be

Poines. Francis.

Francis. Anone ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, t'was but a penny worth, waſt not?

Francis. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poines. Francis. *Francis.* Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon *Francis?* No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thurſeday; or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis.*

Francis. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch?

Francis. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne baſtarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuaſſe doublet will ſulley. In *Barbary* ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Francis. What ſir; *Poines. Francis.*

Prince. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call?

¶ *Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.* *Enter Vintner.*

Vint.

Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtill, and heareſt ſuch a call looke to the Gheſtes within. My Lord, old ſir *Iohn* with a dozen more, are at the dore, ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: *P*

Poines. Anone, anone ſir. *Enter Poines.*

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are a doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Dra come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of al humors, that haue ſhewed themſ humors, ſince the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the p age of this preſent Twelue a cloke at midnight. Wh clocke *Francis?*

Francis. Anone, anone ſir.

Prin. That euer this fellow ſhould haue fewer words a Parret, & yet the ſon of a Woman. His induſtry is vp & downe ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckon am not yet of *Percyes* mind, the *Hotſpur* of the *North*, h kils me ſome 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfaſt, waſh hands, and ſayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe! how many haſt tho to day? Giue my Roan horſe a drench (ſayes he) and an ſome fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Brawne* ſhal Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, ſaies the drunkard: call i call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poines. Welcome *Iacke*, where haſt thou beene?

Falſ. A plague of all cowards I ſay, and a vengean marry & Amen: giue me a cup of ſack boy. E're I lea life long, Ile ſow neather ſtocks, & mend them, & foo too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of ſacke, ro there no vertue extant?

Prin. Di dſt thou neuer ſee *Titan* kiſſe a diſh of butte full hearted *Titan* that melted at the ſweet tale of the S thou didſt, then behold that compound.